

AINSI VA LE MONDE,

A POEM.

INSCRIBED TO

ROBERT MERRY, Esq. A. M.

MEMBER OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF FLORENCE;

AND, AUTHOR OF THE LAUREL OF LIBERTY AND THE DELLA CRUSCA POEMS.

BY

LAURA MARIA.

*Mrs Robinson*

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AINST VA LE MORSE

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AS A SMALL TRIBUTE  
OF  
ESTEEM AND ADMIRATION,  
THE FOLLOWING SKETCH IS INSCRIBED  
TO  
ROBERT MERRY, Esq-  
BY  
LAURA MARIA.

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AS A SMALL TRIBUTE

EASTERN AND WESTERN

THE FOLLOWING SEVEN IS INSERED

ROBERT MURPHY, Esq.

ELIZABETH MARIA

## AINSI VA LE MONDE,

A POEM.

---

O THOU, to whom superior worth's allied,  
Thy Country's honour---and the Muses' pride;  
Whose pen gives polish to the varying line  
That blends instruction with the song divine;  
Whose fancy, glancing o'er the hostile plain,  
Plants a fond trophy o'er the mighty slain;\*  
Or to the daisied lawn directs its way,  
Blithe as the songstress of returning day;  
Who deign'd to rove where twinkling glow-worms lead  
The tiny legions o'er the glitt'ring mead;  
Whose liquid notes in sweet meand'rings flow,  
Mild as the murmurs of the Bird of Woe;  
Who gave to Sympathy its softest pow'r,  
The charm to wing Affliction's sable hour;  
Who in *Italia's* groves, with thrilling song,  
Call'd mute attention from the minstrel throng;  
Gave proud distinction to the Poet's name,  
And claim'd, by modest worth, the wreath of fame---

\* See the Elegy written on the plains of Fontenoy, by Mrs. Merry.

Accept the Verse thy magic harp inspires,  
Nor scorn the Muse that kindles at its fires.

O, JUSTLY gifted with the Sacred Lyre,  
Whose sounds can more than mortal thoughts inspire,  
Whether its strings HEROIC measures move,  
Or lyric numbers charm the soul to love ;  
Whether thy fancy " pours the varying verse"  
In bow'rs of bliss, or o'er the plumed hearse ;  
Whether of patriot zeal, or past'ral sports,  
The peace of hamlets, or the pride of courts :  
Still nature glows in ev'ry classic line---  
Still Genius dictates---still the verse is *thine*.

Too long the Muse, in ancient garb array'd,  
Has pin'd neglected in oblivion's shade ;  
Driv'n from the sun-shine of poetic fame,  
Stripp'd of each charm,---she scarcely boasts a name :  
Her voice no more can please the vapid throng,  
No more loud Pæans consecrate her song,  
Cold, faint, and sullen, to the grove she flies,  
A faded garland veils her radiant eyes ;  
A with'ring laurel on her breast she bears,  
Fann'd by her sighs, and spangled with her tears ;



From her each fond associate early fled,  
 She mourn'd a MILTON lost, a SHAKSPERE dead :  
 Her eye beheld a CHATTERTON oppress'd,  
 A famish'd OTWAY---ravish'd from her breast ;  
 Now in their place a flutt'ring form appears,  
 Mocks her fall'n pow'r, and triumphs in her tears :  
 A flippant, senseless, aery, thing, whose eye  
 Glares wanton mirth and fulsome ribaldry.  
 While motley mumm'ry holds her tinsel reign,  
 SHAKSPERE might write, and GARRICK act in vain :  
 True Wit recedes, when blushing Reason views  
 This spurious offspring of the banish'd Muse.

THE task be thine to check the daring hand  
 That leads fantastic folly o'er the land ;  
 The task be thine with witching spells to bind  
 The feath'ry shadows of the fickle mind ;  
 To strew with deathless flow'rs the dreary waste ;  
 To pluck the weeds of vitiated taste ;  
 To cheer with smiles the Muse's glorious toil,  
 And plant perfection on her native soil :  
 The Arts, that thro' dark centuries have pin'd,  
 Toil'd without fame, in sordid chains confin'd,

## AINSI VA LE MONDE.

Burst into light with renovated fire,  
Bid Envy shrink and Ignorance expire.  
No more prim KNELLER's simp'ring beauties vie,  
Or LELY's genius droops with languid eye:  
No more prepost'rous figures pain the view,  
Aliens to Nature, yet to Fancy true,  
The wild chimeras of capricious thought,  
Deform'd in fashion, and with errors fraught;  
The gothic phantoms sick'ning fade away,  
And native Genius rushes into day.

REYNOLDS, 'tis thine with magic skill to trace  
The perfect semblance of exterior grace;  
Thy hand, by Nature guided, marks the line  
That stamps perfection on the form divine.  
What RAPHAEL boasted, and what TITIAN knew,  
Immortal REYNOLDS, is excell'd by you:  
'Tis thine to tint the lip with rosy die,  
To paint the softness of the melting eye;  
With auburn curls luxuriantly display'd,  
The ivory shoulders polish'd fall to shade;  
To deck the well-turn'd arm with matchless grace,  
To mark the dimpled smile on Beauty's face:



AINSI VA LE MONDE.

The task is thine, with cunning hand to throw  
The veil transparent on the breast of snow :  
The Statesman's thought, the Infant's cherub mien,  
The Poet's fire, the Matron's eye serene,  
Alike with animated lustre shine  
Beneath thy polish'd pencil's touch divine.  
As BRITAIN'S Genius glories in thy Art,  
Adores thy virtues, and reveres thy heart,  
Nations unborn shall celebrate thy name,  
And waft thy mem'ry on the wings of Fame.

OFT when the mind, with sick'ning pangs oppress'd,  
Flies to the Muse, and courts the balm of rest,  
When Reason, sated with life's weary woes,  
Turns to *itself*,---and finds a blest repose,  
A gen'rous pride that scorns each petty art,  
That feels no envy rankling in the heart,  
No mean deceit that wings its shaft at *Fame*,  
Or gives to pamper'd *Vice* a pompous name ;  
Then, calm reflection shuns the sordid crowd,  
The senseless chaos of the *little* proud,  
Then, indignation stealing through the breast,  
Spurns the pert tribe in flimsy greatness drest ;  
Who, to their native nothingness consign'd,  
Sink in contempt,---nor leave a trace behind.

Then Fancy paints, in visionary gloom,  
The sainted shadows of the laurel'd tomb,  
The Star of Virtue glist'ning on each breast,  
Divine insignia of the spirit blest !  
Then MILTON smiles serene, a beauteous shade,  
In worth august---in lust'rous fires array'd  
Immortal SHAKSPERE gleams across the sight,  
Rob'd in ethereal vest of radiant light.  
Wing'd Ages picture to the dazzled view  
Each mark'd perfection---of the sacred few,  
POPE, DRYDEN, SPENSER, all that Fame shall raise,  
From CHAUCER's gloom---till MERRY's lucid days :  
Then emulation kindles fancy's fire,  
The glorious throng poetic flights inspire ;  
Each sensate bosom feels the god-like flame,  
The cherish'd harbinger of future fame.  
Yet timid genius, oft in conscious ease,  
Steals from the world, content the few to please :  
Obscur'd in shades, the modest Muse retires,  
While sparkling vapours emulate her fires.  
The proud enthusiast shuns promiscuous praise,  
The Idiot's smile condemns the Poet's lays.  
Perfection wisely courts the lib'ral few,  
The voice of kindred genius must be true.

But empty wittings sate the public eye  
 With puny jest and low buffoonery,  
 The buzzing hornets swarm about the great,  
 The poor appendages of pamper'd state ;  
 The trifling, flutt'ring, insects of a day,  
 Flit near the sun, and glitter in its ray ;  
 Whose subtle fires with charms magnetic burn,  
 Where every servile fool *may* have his turn.  
 Lull'd in the lap of indolence, they boast  
 Who best can fawn---and who can flatter most ;  
 While with a cunning arrogance they blend  
 Sound without sense---and wit that stabs a friend ;  
 Slanders oblique---that check ambition's toil,  
 The 'pois'nous weeds, that mark the barren soil.  
 So the sweet blossoms of salubrious spring  
 Thro' the lone wood their spicy odours fling ;  
 Shrink from the sun, and bow their beauteous heads  
 To scatter incense o'er their mossy beds,  
 While coarser flow'rs expand with gaudy ray,  
 Brave the rude wind, and mock the burning day.

AH ! gentle Muse, from trivial follies turn,  
 Where Patriot souls with god-like passions burn ;



Again to MERRY dedicate the line,  
So shall the envied meed of taste be thine ;  
So shall thy song to glorious themes aspire,  
“ Warm’d with a spark ” of his transcendent fire.

THRO’ all the scenes of Nature’s varying plan,  
Celestial Freedom warms the breast of man ;  
Led by her daring hand, what pow’r can bind  
The boundless efforts of the lab’ring mind.  
The god-like fervour, thrilling thro’ the heart,  
Gives new creation to each vital part ;  
Throbs rapture thro’ each palpitating vein,  
Wings the rapt thought, and warms the fertile brain ;  
To her the noblest attributes of Heav’n,  
Ambition, valour, eloquence, are giv’n.  
She binds the soldier’s brow with wreaths sublime,  
From her, expanding reason learns to climb,  
To her the sounds of melody belong,  
She wakes the raptures of the Poet’s song ;  
’Tis god-like Freedom bids each passion live,  
That truth may boast, or patriot virtue give ;  
From her, the Arts enlighten’d splendors own,  
She guides the peasant---She adorns the throne ;

To mild Philanthropy extends her hand,  
 Gives Truth pre-eminence, and Worth command ;  
 Her eye directs the path that leads to Fame,  
 Lights Valour's torch, and trims the glorious flame ;  
 She scatters joy o'er Nature's endless scope,  
 Gives strength to Reason---extacy to Hope ;  
 Tempers each pang Humanity can feel,  
 And binds presumptuous Power with nerves of steel ;  
 Strangles each tyrant Phantom in its birth,  
 And knows no title---but SUPERIOR WORTH.

ENLIGHTEN'D Gallia! what were all your toys,  
 Your dazzling splendors,---your voluptuous joys ?  
 What were your glitt'ring villas,---lofty tow'rs,  
 Your perfum'd chambers, and your painted bow'rs ?  
 Did not insidious *Art* those gifts bestow,  
 To cheat the prying eye---with tinsel show ?  
 Yes ; luxury diffus'd her spells, to bind  
 The deep researches of the restless mind ?  
 To lull the active soul with witching wiles,  
 To hide pale Slav'ry in a mask of smiles :  
 The tow'ring wings of reason to restrain,  
 And lead the victim in a flow'ry chain :

Cold Superstition favour'd the deceit,  
And e'en Religion lent her aid to cheat.---  
When warlike Louis, \* arrogant and vain,  
Whom *worth* could never hold, or *fear* restrain ;  
The soul's last refuge, in repentance sought,  
An artful MAINTENON absolved each fault ;  
She who had led his worldly steps astray,  
Now, "smooth'd his passage to the realms of day!"  
O, monstrous hypocrite!--who vainly strove  
By pious fraud, to win a people's love ;  
Whose coffers groan'd with reliques from the proud,  
The pompous off'rings of the venal crowd.  
The massy hecatombs of dire disgrace,  
To purchase titles, or secure a place.---  
And yet,---so sacred was the matron's fame,  
Nor truth, nor virtue, dar'd assail her name ;  
None could approach but with obsequious breath,  
To *smile* was TREASON,---and to *speak* was DEATH.  
In meek and humble garb, she veil'd command,  
While helpless millions, shrunk beneath her hand.  
And when Ambition's idle dream was o'er,  
And art could blind, and beauty charm no more ;

\* Louis XIV.



She, whose luxurious bosom spurn'd restraint,  
Who liv'd the slave of passion,---died a saint!\*

What were the feelings of the hapless throng,  
By threats insulted, and oppressed with wrong?  
While grasping avarice, with skill profound,  
Spread her fell snares, and dealt destruction round;  
Each rising sun some new infringement saw,  
While pride was consequence,---and pow'r was law;  
A people's suff'rings hop'd redress in vain,  
Subjection curb'd the tongue that *dar'd* complain.  
Imputed guilt each virtuous victim led  
Where all the fiends their direst mischiefs spread;  
Where, thro' long ages past, with watchful care,  
THY TYRANTS, GALLIA, nurs'd the witch DESPAIR.  
Where in her black BASTILE the harpy fed  
On the warm crimson drops, her fangs had shed;  
Where recreant malice mock'd the suff'rer's sigh,  
While regal light'nings darted from her eye.---  
Where deep mysterious whispers murmur'd round,  
And death stalk'd sullen o'er the treach'rous ground.

\* Madame de Maintenon died a perfect devotee at the Convent of St. Cyr.

O DAY---transcendent on the page of Fame!  
When from her Heav'n, insulted *Freedom* came;  
Glancing o'er earth's wide space, her beaming eye  
Mark'd the dread scene of impious slavery,  
Warm'd by her breath, the vanquish'd, trembling race,  
Wake from the torpid slumber of disgrace;  
Roused by oppression, *Man* his birth-right claims,  
O'er the proud battlements red vengeance flames;  
Exulting thunders rend the turbid skies;---  
In sulph'rous clouds the gorgeous ruin lies!---  
The angel, PITY, now each cave explores,  
Braves the chill damp, and fells the pond'rous doors,  
Plucks from the flinty walls the clanking chains,  
Where many a dreadful tale of woe remains,  
Where many a sad memorial marks the hour,  
That gave the *rights of man* to rav'nous pow'r;  
Now snatch'd from death, the wond'ring wretch shall prove  
The rapt'rous energies of social love;  
Whose limbs each faculty denied,---whose sight  
Had long resign'd all intercourse with light;  
Whose wasted form the humid earth receiv'd,  
Who numb'd with anguish,---scarcely felt he *liv'd*;  
Who, when the midnight bell assail'd his ears,  
From fev'rish slumbers woke---to drink his tears:

While slow-consuming grief each sense enthrall'd,  
 'Till *Hope* expir'd, and *Valour* shrunk,—appall'd :  
 Where veil'd suspicion lurk'd in shrewd disguise,  
 While eager vengeance op'd her thousand eyes ;  
 While the hir'd slave, the fiend of wrath, design'd  
 To lash, with scorpion scourges, human-kind,—  
 Dragg'd with ingenious pangs, the tardy hour,  
 To feed the rancour of *insatiate Pow'r*.

BLEST be the favor'd delegates of heav'n,  
 To whose illustrious souls the task was giv'n  
 To wrench the bolts of tyranny,—and dare  
 The petrifying confines of despair ;  
 With heav'n's own breeze to chear the gasping breath,  
 And spread broad sun-shine in the caves of death.

WHAT is the charm that bids mankind disdain  
 The Tyrant's mandate and th' Oppressor's chain ;  
 What bids exulting Liberty impart  
 Extatic raptures to the Human Heart ;  
 Calls forth each hidden spark of glorious fire,  
 Bids untaught minds to valiant feats aspire ;  
 What gives to Freedom its supreme delight ?  
 'Tis Emulation, Instinct, Nature, Right.



## AINSI VA LE MONDE.

WHEN this revolving Orb's first course began,  
 Heav'n stamp'd divine pre-eminence on Man;  
 To him it gave the intellectual mind,  
 Persuasive Eloquence and Truth refin'd;  
 Humanity to harmonize his sway,  
 And calm Religion to direct his way;  
 Courage to tempt Ambition's lofty flight,  
 And Conscience to illumine his erring sight.  
 Who shall the nat'ral Rights of Man deride,  
 When Freedom spreads her fost'ring banners wide?  
 Who shall condemn the heav'n-taught zeal that throws  
 The balm of comfort on a Nation's woes?  
 That tears the veil from superstition's eye,  
 Bids despots tremble, scourg'd oppression die?  
 Wrests hidden treasure from the sordid hand,  
 And flings profusion o'er a famish'd land?---  
 Nor yet, to GALLIA are her smiles confin'd,  
 She opes her radiant gates to *all mankind*;  
 Sure on the peopled earth there cannot be  
 A foe to Liberty---that dares be free.  
 Who that has tasted bliss will e'er deny  
 The magic power of thrilling extacy?  
 Who that has breath'd Health's vivifying breeze,  
 Would tempt the dire contagion of Disease?

Or prodigal of joy, his birth-right give  
In shackled slavery---a wretch to live!

YET let Ambition hold a temp'rate sway,  
When Virtue rules---'tis Rapture to obey;  
Man can but reign his transitory hour,  
And *love* may bind---when *fear* has lost its pow'r.  
Proud may he be who nobly acts his part,  
Who boasts the empire of each subject's heart,  
Whose worth, exulting millions shall approve,  
Whose richest treasure---IS A NATION'S LOVE.

FREEDOM--- blithe Goddess of the rainbow vest,  
In dimpled smiles and radiant beauties drest,  
I court thee from thy azure-spangled bed  
Where Ether floats about thy winged head ;  
Where tip-toe pleasure swells the choral song,  
While gales of odour waft the Cherub throng ;  
On every side the laughing loves prepare  
Enamel'd wreaths to bind thy flowing hair :  
For thee the light-heel'd graces fondly twine,  
To clasp thy yielding waist, a zone divine !  
Venus for thee her crystal altar rears,  
Deck'd with fresh myrtle---gemm'd with lovers' tears ;

## AINSI VA LE MONDE.

Apollo strikes his lyre's rebounding strings,  
 Responsive notes divine Cecilia sings,  
 The tuneful sisters prompt the heavenly choir,  
 Thy temple glitters with Promethean fire.  
 The sacred Priestess in the centre stands,  
 She strews the sapphire floor with flow'ry-bands.  
 See! from her shrine electric incense rise;  
 Hark! "Freedom" echoes thro' the vaulted skies.  
 The Goddess speaks! O mark the blest decree,---  
**TYRANTS SHALL FALL---TRIUMPHANT MAN BE FREE!**

**FINIS.**